

## **On the Surface of the Glass**

As a child,  
I used to take  
long showers,  
letting the water  
rinse over my young body.  
It dripped down  
over soft button nipple  
and the new fuzz  
on my legs.  
Outside the curtain  
steam permeated the room  
and clung to the mirror.

Even now, after toweling off,  
I write my name  
on the surface of the glass.  
My eyes still stare back at me,  
locked inside the lines  
of the letters. I want  
to run from the bathroom,  
the foreign sight of my body  
clinging to my name.

-Alicia LaMagdeleine